

This poem is in response to William Carlos Williams's poem, "This Is Just to Say".

Nothing to Say

You ate the plums that were in the icebox
A casual mention, a casual apology.
You ravaged those sweet juicy fruits,
Their tight round forms burst apart
Under the onslaught of your tongue,
While their dry innards were left as trash.
You don't care what they were for
only for your own fleeting sense of taste (pleasure).
Your opinion of others is dismissed
Threats ignored, plums snatched.
Were they that tasty, all gone,
None left for others in that box of ice.
You cared enough to leave a note, Oh false one!
Sarcasm leaks through those few words on a page,
dripping from pen to paper.
You know the plum's owner. Former owner.
They probably also want a bite of cold plum.
You think the note will snuff
The anger that burns cold within.

You ask for forgiveness, but stolen breakfast
cannot be undone, cannot be forgiven.

The sweet nature of the plums is magnified
By the delicate theft
of treasure so rare, you looted
that cold case of fresh fruit.

You may think that a flippant "forgive me"
Will make all better—you are mistaken.